THE WEATHER TODAY Same as usual. Faintly Foggy.

Village Daily

Vol. 1, No. 4 Two Cents CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA Per Copy Sept. 6, 1933

CARMEL GETS NEW CASTING OFFICE!

SHIP OF PROSPERITY

SAILING INTO CARMEL

Theatrical Bureau Established Here

Leading the field as, usual Carmel got the jump on other communities today by the establishment of a central casting bureau. Designed to aid the Community Players, the Forest Theater, the Golden Bough Players, and all other local producers, a committee met last night to determine the best proceedure to give every embryo Thespian an oportunity to register.

The final committee is expected to include such renowned show people as Frederick Burt, Helen Ware, Bert Heron, Ted Kuster, Marion Pinkham, Rafe Todd, Gene Watson and Lloyd Weer.

Both summer and winter visitors may register their types or the types they desire to play, and the producers will have access at al times to the files. The Bureau will be modeled after the famous Hollywood Central Casting Bureau and is expected to include almost as many famous names. All persons interested in dramatics are asked to leave their names as soon as posisble. The Bureau will be located in the library of the Village Press.

"POST OFFICITIS"

By Dr. A. L. Van Houtte

A very unique germ has lately been discovered, isolated and added to the tomes of Carmelity Bacteriology. It is called—"Streperous Cocky" and produces a malignant fever called "Post Officitis."

It is most unlike the germs that are inocculating the pines and the oaks. The symptoms are so different. Yes—indeedy. Neither Greeks, Romans or Carmelites really have a word for it. However, after much lucuberation, the following symptoms have been added to the already ponderous and enigmatical volume called—Symptomatology.

Be cautious in judging the degree of the frenzy of this germ. First, it is local—very local—yes—indeedy. This degree is determined by its topographical limits in the village. From Carmel Woods to Carmel Point, its vagaries are variant. Yes, indeedy.

By the following mental microscopic, telescopic and other tests, the germ has, at last, been thoroughly isolated and the fol-

WINTER BLASTS RUSSIAN

We understand that Count Ilya Jadovskoy's brilliant reply in the last Villager to an article entitled "I'LL BITE" on the San Jose cherry strike was dictated by the fact that after the Count served with Kolchak's White Armies in Siberia in 1917 and finally escaped to America, Stalin did not personally invite him back. The Count is naturally somewhat sore at this discourtesy, and feels that a non-eye witness account of the Soviets at this time may bring Mr. Stalin to his senses.

—Ella Winter.

COLORED POET HERE

Langston Hughes, Negro poet, novelist and lecturer, is going to stay in Carmel for a few months at Noel Sullivan's cottage, writing his book "Soviet Asia." He has just returned from a year in the Soviet Union, China and Japan, where he worked on movies and travelled around over the country. He has two stories in this month's AMERICAN MERCURY

JEFERS CHICKEN

Dr. and Mrs. Hans Barkan spent the week-end at La Playa Hotel. Dr. Barkan is one of the world's great eye surgeons. The Barkans visited the Jeffers in England, in Oxfordshire, and they unreeled for them this week-end movies they had taken there. Also, movies of the Jeffers chicken from Penelope to Menelaus, including the little one-eyed cock, Hector, who recently (worried by a dog) died.

THE VILLAGE DAILY

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Editorial

However gently we seem to put things, it seems that a misunderstanding is bound to arise. Such is the luck of an editor who means well but doesn't want to be a Pollyanna . . . . so let's put this thing plainly, once and for all . . . . THE VILLAGE DAILY is a separate publication, and is NOT connected, in any way, with the VILLAGER. The Daily is owned, operated, printed and published by Cooke and O'Crotty (bless 'em) and has for its contributing editors, some very fine and intelligent men.

The Villager is a monthly publication, started by Ross Cowen, revived somewhat by O'Crotty, and is now being printed (along with one or two other publications) in the plant of THE VILLAGE PRESS). The ownership of it will be determined in the future. It is an excellent idea, and properly supported, can become a fine thing. The DAILY speaks for itself, or will, very shortly. As we have said before, perhaps a lot of people will take exception to both publications. O. K., but don't tie the sins of one sheet onto the other. The signature of the writer, whether its Cooke, Cowen, O'Crotty, Van Houtte, Steven Allen Reynolds, David Alberto, Frederick Bechdolt, James Hopper, or anyone in the village, is the place to lay the blame. If you like it, tell your friends, if you don't like it . . . well . . . .! P. O'C.—

HERR HITLER

(Editor's Note: This is a second of a series of editorials by Mr. Alberto, for which requests to reprint have already become greatly in demand. It is the Daily's policy to give you the best).

It is not Herr Hitler who is responsible for Germany's attitude toward its Jews. It is Ceres or Pan or any god who might personify Dame Nature.

If it is not possible for sixty-five millions to exist within certain boundaries, then the boundaries must be extended or the population reduced. That is nature's way and nature is uncompromising.

Nature employs three means to rectify such conditions in the animal and vegetable realms: Disease, Starvation, War . . . and each is reciprocal.

America, too, has its similar problem. Here the question is not are you an Aryan or a Jew, here we ask are you employed or unemployed? If unemployed you are superfluous, and even though unemployed you are living in a land where Nature may find it necessary to do some weeding.

When America declared war upon Germany and Mr. Hoover propagated a rather unnecessary campaign to economize with food, my friend, Dr. John Adams foresaw the danger of an epidemic. Within a few months influenza was rampant. So let's get behind the Blue Eagle, it may work, we may yet counteract the Tyrannical Lady's methods. Remember, there is a boog-a-boo behind each of us. And if you are a female, you may be Proserpina.

Sports

George Gordon Moore gave a large barbecue for 2300 of his ranch hands yesterday. Among the hands were Mr. and Mrs. L. James, Mr. and Hadley John O'Shea, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Short, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Rhys Williams, Ella Winter, Mr. and Mrs. Tasia Anikeef, and a small Rhys Williams an da small Lyman Anikeef. There was music and dancing, too much red wine, and a loe of barbecued deer and wild boar. Next time remember editors also eat, George!

Martin Flavin wires an old friend in Carmel: "The next step surely is to liquidate employers and employees." Flavin is at present languishing at the Carlton Hotel, London.

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lowing antics observed and noted, to wit:

First—Labial Gymnastics — inane volubility over dubiousness.

Second — Increasing High Blood Pressure due to ambivalence, insecurity and consequent garrulousness.

Third—An unheard of form of Compulsion Neurosis betraying a Carmelity Determinism and evidenced by the sloganic impulse of "to be or not to be postofficy."

Fourth—A virulent form of Anxiety Neurosis—born of cumulative apprehensions about government economies plus egoistic party affiliations.

Fifth—Hysteria sui generis—manifested by verbal explosions and unbridled argumentations.

By these BIG FIVE, you will recognize this germ.

In case you are inoculated by this pesty germ, take a hypodermic thrice daily of a serum which you can readily concoct while listening to your symphonic efforts at soup-time.

2 oz. of common sense.
1 oz. of "mind your own business."
2 oz. of "anti-personalism."
4 oz. of "Let well enough alone."
2 oz. of "Anti-being agin everything."
4 oz. of "passive resistance."

If this does not work, try occupational therapy as knitting, canning crabs or something. Maybe a dose of "Nirvana" might help you. I find that three whiffs of piscatorial air from the Monterey canneries produces total oblivion of Carmelity functions. Caution—Try this only in case of utter frustration.

Now you tell one.

Society

Hadley Hemingway, first wife of Ernest Hemingway, who spent a summer in Carmel a few weeks ago, has just married Paul Scott Mowrer, European head of the Chicago Daily News Foreign Service Bureau. The couple are making their home in Paris. Hadley Hemingway has one son, Bumbie, by the writer, who has since had two other sons by his second wife, Pauline. Congratulations, Hadley!

Agnes Christine Johnstone, one of Hollywood's w. k. scenario writers, and her husband, Frank Dazey, playwright, motored up from Hollywood to viist Mrs. Albert Rhys Wiliams. Much taken with the place they intend to revisit Carmel. Come again, Agnes and Frank!

Ronald Colman is building a house at the Big Sur next to Marie and Douglas Short (not Mary and Doug), 'At a boy, say we.

Irving F. Reichert, Adjustment Director for the NRA of California, Idaho and Nevada, was recently a visitor in Carmel for a week staying at the Montgomery cottage on San Antonio with his wife and three children. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Steffens entertained him at a party with the literati and intelligentsia of Carmel present (editors of Village Daily not present).

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Mortimer Clapp have come to stay at Peter Pan for some weeks. Mr. Clapp was Fine Arts Director of the Pittsburgh Art Museum and is one of the great art authorities in America. Welcome, Mort!

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Ocean Avenue
SADE LATHAM
Manager

BOLSHEVIC POET WILL LECTURE

Joseph Freeman, poet, author and newspaperman, will lecture Sunday night at the John Reed Club, the young intellectuals announced today. Mr. Freeman is doubly interesting to Carmel in view of the fact that he published Robinson Jeffers many years ago, in the old "Masses," before the poet had achieved commercial publication. Freeman's topic will be "American Intellectuals and Crisis." The club's headquarters are located next to Bettie Green's stables on Junipero.

"LITTLE WOMEN" CAST EXCELS

With professionals and local favorites assisting, the Community Players present "Little Women" as their current production, Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, with a special children's matinee Saturday.

The cast presenting this lovely play includes, Byron Foulger as Mr. March—he also deserving greatest possible credit for having directed this production; Dorothy Ledyard as Mrs. March; Mary Wright as Meg; Dorothy Foulger as Jo, the madcap tomboy member of the March Family; Cornelia Shuman as Beth; Peggy Converse as Amy; Paula Dougherty as the crabbedy Aunt March—and doing it beautifully; Jack Gribner as Mr. Laurence; George McMenimin as Laurie; Arthur Hately as Professor Bhaer; Lloyd Weir as John Brooke, while Jane Matzke presents an amusing Hannah.

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